

FEMMES

The Honors Program Newsletter

d'esprit



Spring '89

Volume 4 Number 3

The Honors Program salutes
February-- BLACK HISTORY MONTH
and
March--INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S
MONTH

Voice of a People

Ida B. Wells

 COLLEGE OF 
NEW ROCHELLE

SCHOOL OF ARTS & SCIENCES
Honors Program

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STAFF: Michelle DiPoala
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"I like thinking big. I always have. To me it's very simple. If you're going to be thinking anyway, you might as well think big."

Donald Trump, The Art of the Deal.

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Dr. Ann Raia, Debbie Lenares,
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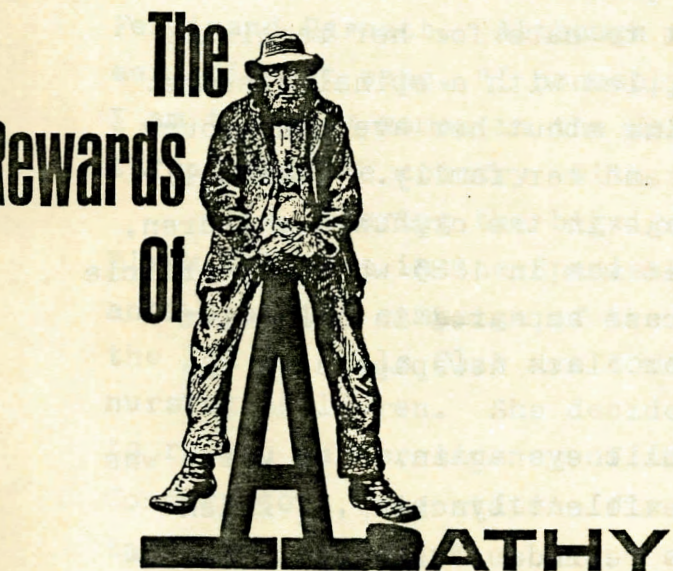
HONORS PROGRAM

e D i t O R ' S

Dear Readers,

It is the pleasure of my staff and myself to present another issue of Femmes D'Esprit. Usually, I take this opportunity to express my concerns or jubiliations regarding the Femmes D'Esprit. However, this time I wish to share with you something which was given to me by an Honors Student. I feel it says something important and I hope you will also find something worthwhile in it's context. As always I extend a very genuine "Thank You" to my staff and those who contributed to the Femmes D'Esprit.

Stacy Begin



Apathy has a lot going for it.

It is easy to catch and is painless. You can ignore it and nothing happens. The stronger it gets the less you feel you need to do about it.

It becomes most noticeable when it begins to spread over a large area. When it does, the individual usually feels it belongs to someone else.

Another appealing thing about apathy is the warm glow of nothingness it gives.

The temptation is to leave it alone and it will go away. With this attitude it may stay.

Apathy demands a special treatment for it will not go away alone.

The treatment starts with a good dose of involvement followed by long periods of action.

It may be hard to get a confirmed apathetic to take the cure. And then it isn't permanent.

Action must be rewarded while apathy is to be condemned. Since it is easier to condemn than to praise, it stands to reason that apathy is here to stay. It is needed by those who would rather condemn than act.

Apathy has a lot going for it, but action is more fun. It must be. Have you ever heard anyone say, "Let's go where the apathy is?"

Experience the Spirit



By her 21st birthday, Ida B. Wells had made her mark on history by suing the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway in 1883 because she was forbidden to ride the "ladies coach". Her case was successful in the lower courts, but was later thrown out. Outraged, she went on to fight a determined battle for black rights as an activist and a crusading journalist.

Her life had not been easy. She was born in 1862, in Holly Springs, Mississippi, the first child of James and Elizabeth Wells. When Ida was a young girl, her father, a carpenter, worked for the largest contractor in town. When Wells refused to "sell" his newly acquired right to vote, he lost his job. Without missing a beat, the man picked up his wife and 6 children, moved elsewhere, and went into business for himself. James and Elizabeth Wells wasted not an opportunity to teach their children the things they deemed essential to life, such as discipline, the need for education, and the fight for free will.

Tragedy struck the family in 1878, when the raging yellow fever epidemic took away Ida's parents and an infant brother. Ida, the oldest at 16, was left to care for her remaining siblings, including a sister left crippled with a spinal disease.

Leaving Rust College and lying about her age, the young Ida began teaching to support herself and her family. Eventually some Memphis relatives were able to take in the orphaned children, and Ida began her journalism career. It was in 1883 when her article about the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway case appeared in a Baptist weekly called "Living Way". Soon, major Black newspapers in the country were hearing her name.

In 1892 Wells was in the public eye again. Her voice was raised this time in opposition to the violent lynching of Black people, which was on the rise in this period. Wells spoke as co-owner and columnist of the Black Memphis newspaper "Free Speech".

Her full career as an activist for both Black rights and Women's rights led Ida Wells in many directions. She was a founder of the National Association of Colored Women (NACW), the organizer of the first Black women's suffrage club in Chicago, and a founding member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. She was also an active supporter of Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association.

Wells was a respected and widely read journalist, so much so that one editorial prompting disgruntled Black community members to pick up and leave actually caused a mass exodus in Memphis. Hundreds of Blacks left for unknown territory, taking with them only what was necessary.

Wells continued, despite numerous reprisals and death threats, to publicize violence against Blacks. She hoped a wider awareness of the problem would bring an end to the madness. All told, she researched 728 lynchings that had occurred during the decade. Her stories were sad, pitiful, and true. Cases like that of little Mildred Brown--the thirteen year old girl murdered for allegedly poisoning a white infant--were not uncommon. Wells was eventually banished from the south for such expositions.

She married at 33 in Chicago, to lawyer/publisher Ferdinand Barnett. Although she had several children, her career did not wane. "I honestly believe," she noted once, "that I am the only woman in the United States who ever travelled throughout the country with a nursing baby to make speeches."

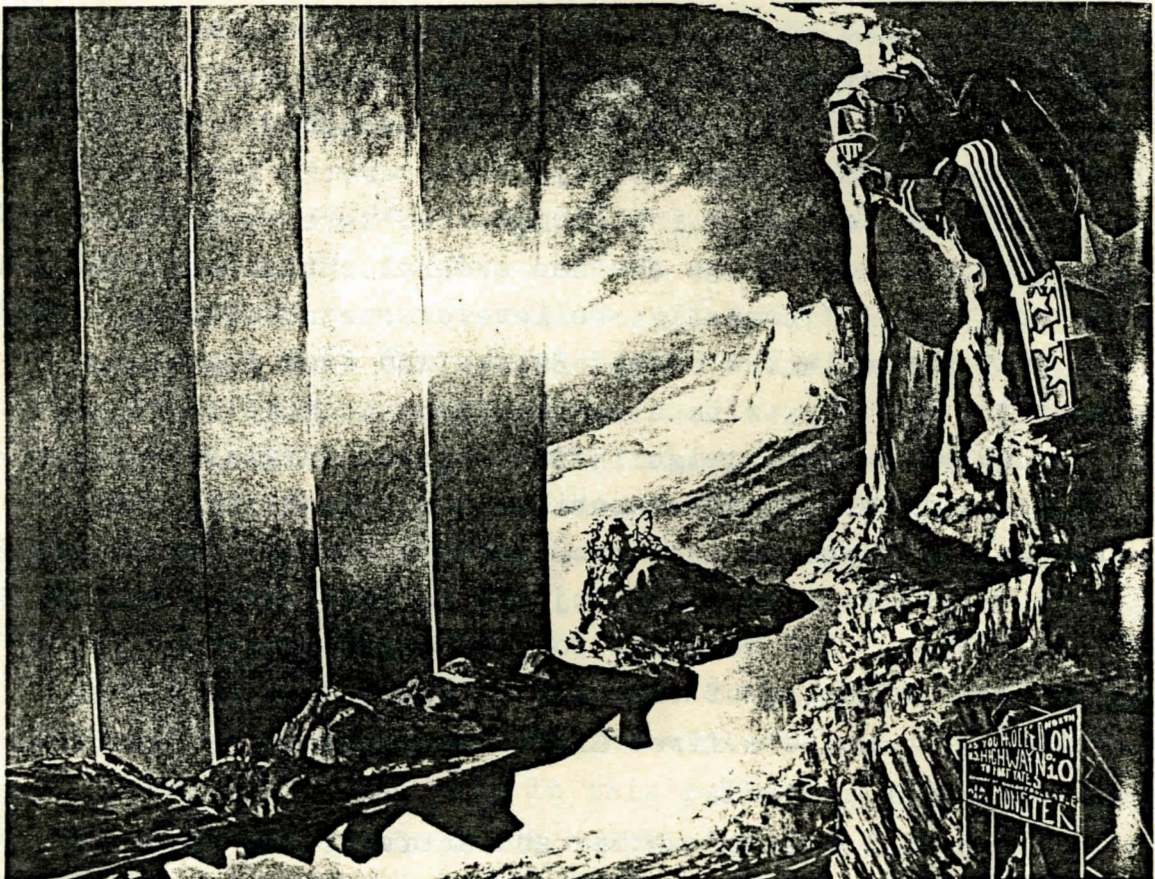
Lobbying the bigwigs in Washington, working for the Black soldiers in the Spanish-American War, supporting the anti-lynching campaign of the Afro-American Council, and chairing the Ida B. Wells Club are some projects on which she toted her nursing children. She decided, for the sake of her family, to resign her presidency of the Wells Club, and to sell "The Conservator", the state's first Black newspaper which she had taken over for her husband.

"The dual role of mother and activist may not have

been an easy one," writes Paula Giddings, contributing editor for *Essence* magazine, "but she appears to strike a balance between the two for the remainder of her life."

Ida B. Wells-Barnett died in Chicago at the age of 79. In 1987 she was honored by the Tennessee Historic Commission with a commemorative marker on Beale Street in Memphis.

*All information regarding the life of Ida Wells gathered from Dorothy Sterling's biography, Black Foremothers.



Ray Winters, Sioux. Somewhere in South Dakota. A surrealistic view of the Northwest by a young graduate of the Institute who did a few impressive paintings and then dropped out of sight.

EYE OPENER?

SENIOR ART SHOW

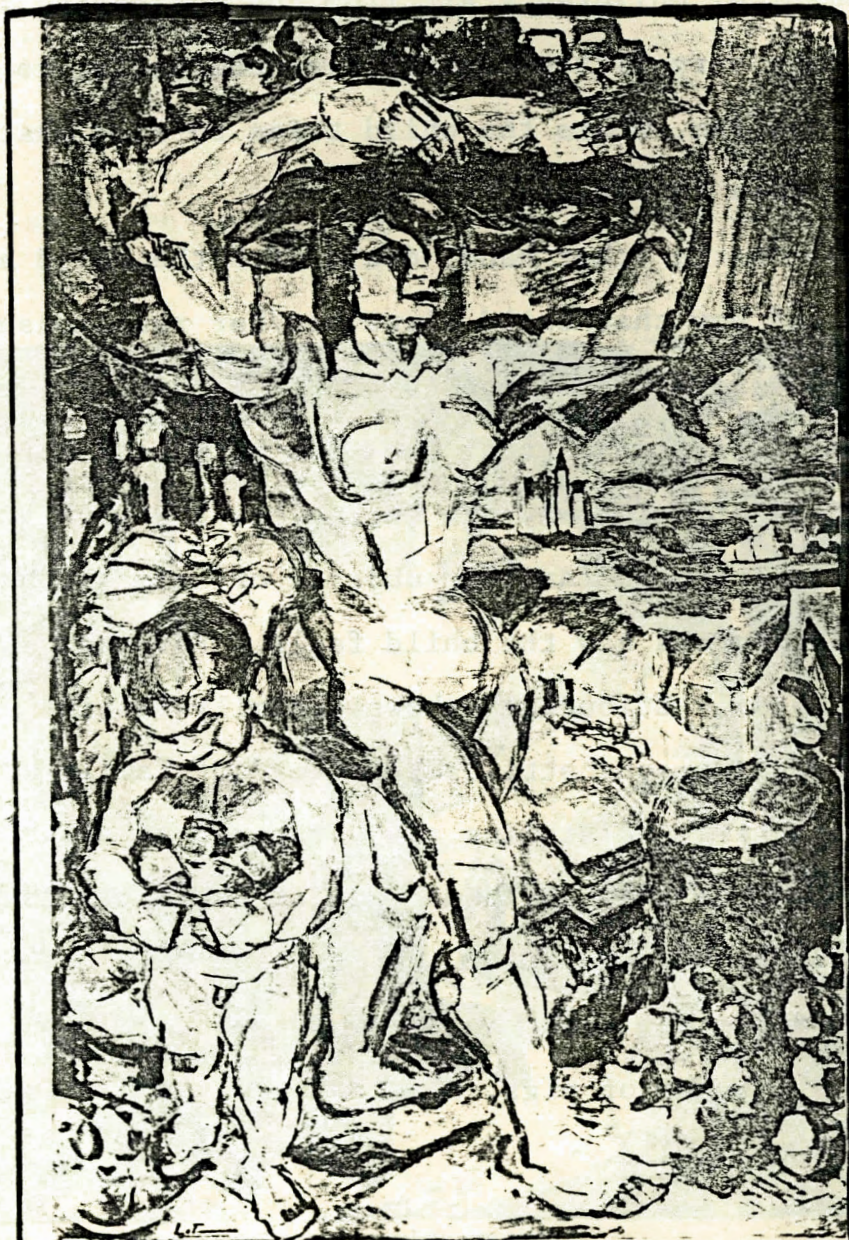
by Michelle Capozzi

I recently finished my Senior Art Show which was held in the College-Center Exhibit hall from January 29th to February 8th. Showing with me was Laura Bowman. We are both Art Therapy majors and we both decided to incorporate this into the theme of our show. We finally came up with the idea of focusing the show on art through the eyes of a child. Although underlying themes were the same, our work branched off and ended up quite different. Laura based her pieces on the development of children's art from the scribbling stage, where they have very little control over the media, to dawning realism and realism, where the child tries to copy what he/she actually sees in reality.

My work, on the other hand, deals with the child as part of a family and how that child views his/her relationship to the family members. Each piece is a family portrait depicting an imbalance within this system that the child can not help but to be aware of. The way the child sees the problem, or portrays it, as through familiar objects or animals that serve as symbols to express how the child feels. For example, one work titled "Family Etiquette" shows a family sitting at the dinner table eating spaghetti, but instead of family members, the mother, father, and sibling are portrayed as spaghetti-covered hogs, while the only human, a little boy, sits in the corner eating bread crumbs. He is noticeably embarrassed of his family members and their actions. Of course, his real family is not a bunch of pigs, but how they act has left this impression on the child.

All of the ten pieces use similar types of symbols and all portray some of the dominant and ever increasing problems found in our families today.

The show was not meant to depress people, but rather to open up their eyes to take a look at themselves and to consider their own actions. It was meant to stimulate the need for change in people and families who are courageous enough and honest enough to admit and face their problems.



123 Henri Le Fauconnier
L'Abondance
1910-11, oil on canvas
75 2 x 48 4 in.
(191 x 123 cm.)
Gemeentemuseum,
The Hague

Western Culture Review

By

Mary Kirkpatrick

Western Cultural Heritage is probably one of the most hated courses on campus. Hated because all freshmen have to take it. We MUST sit through an hour of lecture each Tuesday and then two hours of discussion on Thursday. As hated as it is, it is also the most talked about class. In all of my classes, Western Cult has been mentioned at least once. The professor will often be heard saying "You remember talking about this in Western Cult, don't you?" Nine out of ten times, everyone will resignedly nod their heads yes. You see, we don't like admitting that we learned something or even worse that maybe the higher authorities knew what they were doing when they made Western Cult a requirement.

As far as the Honor's section goes, there isn't too much to report. We're slowly adjusting to Dr. McManus' style of teaching. Unit reports, unfortunately, are still a part of the course. Luckily, there aren't as many of them and the form changes every time. Somehow, no matter how many promises I make to myself, I still manage to leave it until the last minute. I've decided that next time I'm going to have it done early... early Monday night that is!

We're discussing the modern age now. We've been learning about Newton, Smith and Darwin. Some of the discussions we've had have been very enlightening. Questions like "if there was no such thing as time, would everything happen at once or nothing happen at all?" or else

"If progress were to come to a halt would evolution also come to a halt?" Mind boggling isn't it? Dr. McManus helps us wrestle with those questions. If we haven't come up with any definite solutions or answers, we've at least opened our minds to different opinions and viewpoints. I've found that a few of my classmates have some interesting solutions to the world's problems. One girl was quoted as saying "We should put all the criminals on an island together and just let them kill each other. This way we won't have to deal with them." Makes you feel safe about the integrity of our future world leaders, doesn't it?

All in all, Western Cult isn't too bad. I have learned a lot. If nothing else I've learned to think and question the "authorities." I've also learned to relate the past to today. There is an awful lot we can learn from past mistakes, I guess that's why we're taking Western Cult. We have to know what our past mistakes were in order to learn from them.

HONORS COLLOQUIUM

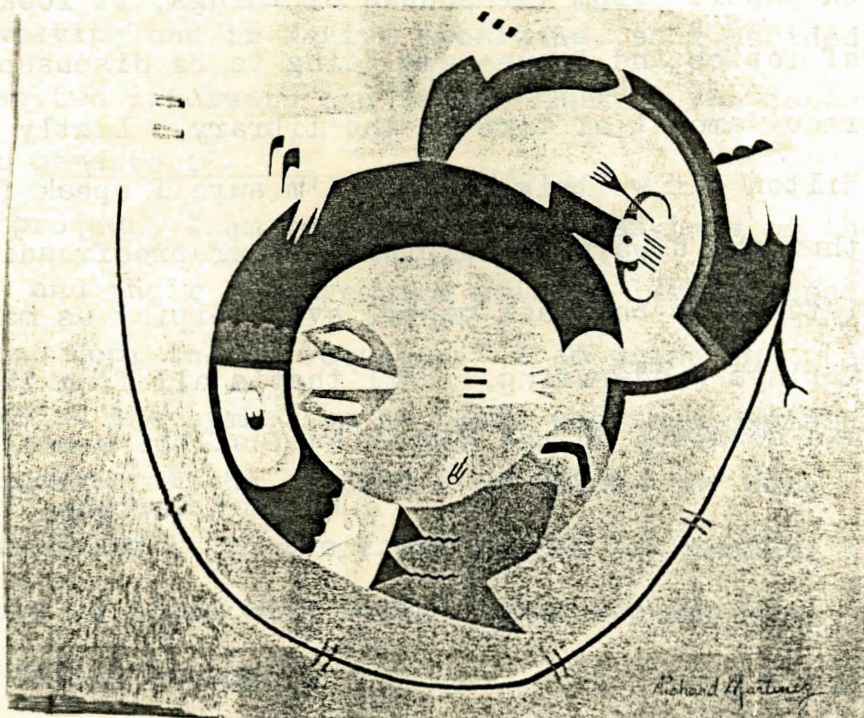
The Honors Colluquium is a six credit, year long course that revolves around a central theme, but includes various areas of studies. The Fall semester provides a classroom setting in which students participate in diverse learning experiences: readings, lectures, films, field trips and student presentations.

The Spring semester challenges the Colloquium student to devise an Independent Study that integrates one or more aspect of the Fall semester with her own interests and area of concentration.

The Honors Colloquia are rotated on a three year cycle; they are: Making up Your Mind: The Impact of Perception and Observation on Science in a Modern Society Seminar, Democracy in America: Issues in American Culture Seminar, and New York City: Anatomy of a Metropolis Seminar.

The following is an article by Heidi Clay explaining her Independent Study in the second semester of the Making up Your Mind seminar.

By
Kristina
Durocher



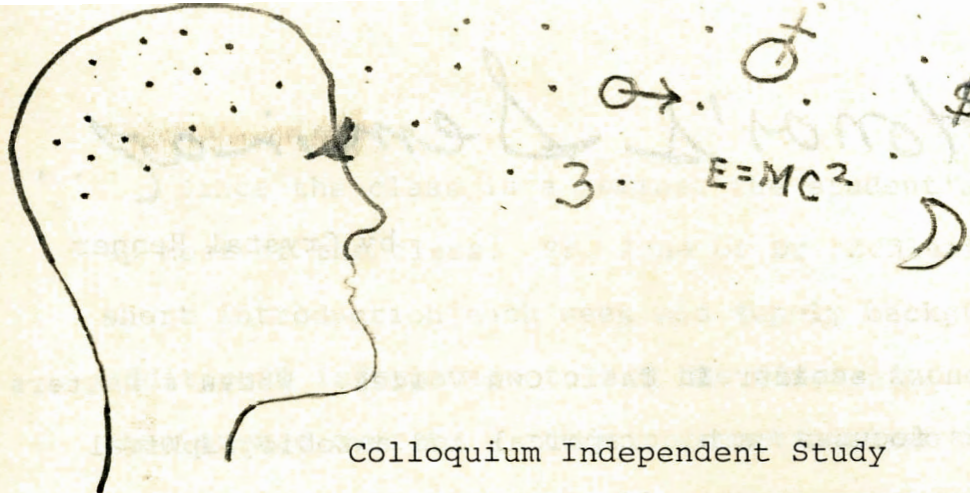
What's Happening in Honors American Justice?

I don't know about the rest of you, but it seems to me like this semester is just flying by. The honors writing class, American Justice, is off and running like the rest of our classes. There are about fifteen of us mostly freshman, with a sprinkle of upper classmen. It is a good size group to have discussions or debates about some of the issues Dr. McCarthy has brought up on the justice system. So far we have read The Anatomy of a Jury and Death of A Jewish American Princess. After reading each Dr. McCarthy had us write book reveiws.

Our next two endeavors are a short analytical paper dealing with a case or topic and a major research paper dealing with a issue. To help us with both of these we made a trip over to the library. One of the research librarians took us through where to begin our paper and showed us where many of the law books are located that will be helpful in writing.

Most of the class has begun to think about topics for their research paper. From the sounds of things, it looks like a wide range of topics and issues are going to be discussed. Not to mention an enormous amount of time in the library. Lastly I want to thank Laura Hilton our writnig tutor. I'm sure I speak for every, when I say that she slways is helpful- either proofreading papers, going over mistakes on the last paper, even helping us make sense of Dr. McCarthys Handwriting. Well that's all from the Honors writing class and goodluck on the second half of the semester!!

By: Amy Larrabee



Colloquium Independent Study

By Heidi w. Clay

The Honors Colloquium, Making Up Your Mind: The Impact of Observation and Perception on Science in the Modern Society, was based on looking, change, mapping, and clues within science. The discussions for the first semester revolved around how these four aspects helped us to learn and discover what we know and to realize that they related not just to science, but to other fields as well.

for the second semester's independent component of the Colloquium, I, being an Art Therapy Major, wanted to relate one or more of these aspects to Art. I was very interested in weaving and in Native Americans, so I decided to combine these two interests and relate them to the aspects discussed first semester.

So for my project, I am researching the weavings of the Navajo Indians and their culture plus doing a little research on the Pieblo and Hopi Indian weavings. I am going to attempt to show how some of the symbolism in their weavings explain and represent aspects of the culture from which they were produced. In relating it to the topic of the Colloquium, I am using the symbols as clues with which I will map certain aspects of the Indian cultures.

Debbie Lenares
Honors Senior Seminar
Topic Proposal

The general public does not receive its information about scientific work through scientific journals and seminars. Some information can be found in weekly science sections of certain newspapers, but there is still an information gap between the scientific community and the general public.

An urgent need is created in the public to fill this gap, and because the language of most scientific journals is not accessible they must find their information elsewhere. This gap and its psychological significance has been perceived and exploited by the movie industry since its inception. The classic horror film, Frankenstein, develops its theme from this societal problem and many films have continued this theme to modern day.

I feel that these films create an unnecessary and dangerous fear of science in society. The scientific endeavor that current films most frequently deal with is genetic research. The public learns to fear this research that, in reality, is our one great hopes for solving the problems of disease in society. This fear can be channelled by opponents to stop or minimize the research. This is dangerous to society and to the pursuit of truth and knowledge.

Debbie Lenares

The Underground Economy
By
Maureen Faye

The underground economy is often equivocated with the dubious flow of money involved in drug production and distribution. Indeed, the illegal drug market composes a large share of the underground economy funds, \$79 billion in 1980, however, the range of the underground economy activities is far more extensive. A large percentage of America's subterranean economy consists of legally earned income which is not reported to the Internal Revenue Service. Numerous unreported business transactions occur daily involving services such as house cleaning, gardening, babysitting, and home health care, as well as, the earnings of undocumented immigrant workers in small nonunion shops and factories. In addition, countless other Americans engage in bartering, that is, exchanging one service or product for another, to avoid having to pay income taxes. The sum effect of these underground activities on the American economy is significant. The most authoritative estimate of the magnitude of the subterranean economy in the United States was \$420 billion for 1981, 14.3% of the nominal GNP for that year. This percentage has remained within the 10-20% bracket since the early eighties.

What does this figure mean to the American public? The existence of such a large underground economy in the U.S. means a variety of things to the American people, none of which are good. On an economic basis, the magnitude of the subterranean economy means that the GNP is understated and that the unemployment rate is overstated. In other words,

underground activity in America causes our economy to appear worse off than it really is. On an ethical and legal basis, the underground economy serves as a major affront to society. It poses a threat to our civil society which is based on the pursuit of truth, justice, and equality.

In my research, I hope to compile a comprehensive picture of the underground economy - what?, who?, how much? - and to study its effects and implications for current American society. In addition, I hope to conclude with some predictions for the future of the underground economy in America, as well as, some suggestions to help stunt the growth of the subterranean economy.

Angela Hall Box 507
College of New Rochelle
New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801
January 24, 1989

The Wall Street Journal
Editorial & Corporate Headquarters
200 Liberty Street
New York, N.Y. 10281

To the Editors:

As a business major at the College of New Rochelle, I am currently working on an honors research project dealing with the present status of the Underground Economy in the United States. I found much research information on the subject contained in journals and periodicals published in the late '70s and early '80s. However, I was unable to find any significant information on the Subterranean Economy in journals and periodicals published within the last five years. This lack of coverage is inconsistent with the fact that the Underground Economy has continued to expand over the past five years to a level that poses a significant threat to the welfare of our nation.

This letter is sent to you as an appeal to you to investigate and report on the current role of the Underground Economy in the U.S. - its size, diverse components, impact on American society, and possible remedies under investigation. Newsreporters have a duty to the public to report on and, thereby, increase public awareness of significant issues. It is my belief that the Underground Economy is such an issue, and, in fact, one which has been disregarded for too long. Only by raising the public's awareness of this issue can we ever hope to begin to eradicate the problems it poses to the American people.

I realize that your staff must be overwhelmed with important issues and events to report on, however, I feel strongly that this issue is one that should be given priority. Underground activity poses a significant threat to the American economy. It causes the unemployment rate to be overstated and the GNP to be understated and, thus, causes the economy to appear worse off than it really is. On an ethical and legal basis, the Underground Economy serves as a major affront to the morals and values of society. It severely hinders the pursuit of the goals of our civil society; goals which have been handed down over the years from our founding fathers. Specifically, the Subterranean Economy hinders our pursuit of truth, justice, and equality.

By investigating and reporting on the present status of the Underground Economy in the U.S., you would be doing a

"TAKING WOMEN STUDENTS ...SERIOUSLY"

by Adrienne Rich

"In teaching women, we have two choices: to lend our weight to the forces that indoctrinate women to passivity, self-deprecation, and a sense of powerlessness, in which case the issue of "taking women students seriously" is a moot one; or to consider what we have to work against, as well as with, in ourselves, in our students, in the content of the curriculum, in the structure of the institution, in the society at large. And this means, first of all, taking ourselves seriously: Recognizing that central responsibility of a woman to herself, without which we remain always the other, the defined, the object, the victim; believing that there is a unique quality of validation, affirmation, challenge, support, that one woman can offer another. Believing in the value and significance of women's experience, traditions, perceptions. Thinking of ourselves seriously, not as one of the boys, not as neuters, or androgynes, but as women... If there is any misleading concept, it is that of "coeducation": that because women and men are sitting in the same classrooms, hearing the same lectures, reading the same books, performing the same laboratory experiments, they are receiving an equal education. They are not, first because the content of education itself validates men even as it invalidates women. Its very message is that men have been the shapers and thinkers of the world, and that this is only natural. The

bias of higher education, including the so-called sciences, is white and male, racist and sexist; and this bias is expressed in both subtle and blatant ways. I have mentioned already the exclusiveness of grammar itself...Sexist grammar burns into the brains of little girls and young women a message that the male is the norm, the standard, the central figure beside which we are the deviants, the marginal, the dependent variables. It lays the foundation for androcentric thinking, and leaves men safe in their solipsistic tunnel-vision...But long before entering college the woman student has experienced her alien identity in a world which misnames her, turns her to its own uses, denying her the resources she needs to become self-affirming, self-defined. The nuclear family teaches her that relationships are more important than selfhood or work; that "whether the phone rings for you, and how often," having the right clothes, doing the dishes, take precedence over study or solitude; that too much intelligence or intensity may make her unmarriageable; that marriage and children- service to others- are, finally, the points on which her life will be judged a success or a failure. In high school, the polarization between feminine attractiveness and independent intelligence comes to an absolute... As women teachers, we can either deny the importance of this context in which women students think, write, read, study, project their own futures; or try to work with it. We can either teach

passively, accepting these conditions, or actively, helping our students identify and resist them.

One important thing we can do is discuss the context. And this need not happen only in a women's studies course; it can happen anywhere. We can refuse to accept passive, obedient learning and insist upon critical thinking... We need to keep our standards very high, not to accept a women's preconceived sense of her limitations; we need to be hard to please, while supportive of risk taking, because self-respect often comes only when exacting standards have been met. At a time when adult literacy is generally low, we need to demand more, not less, of women, both for the sake of their futures as thinking beings, and because historically women have always had to be better than men to do half as well... We should help our women students to look very critically at such symptoms, and to understand where they are rooted... Nor does this mean that we should be training women students to "think like men." Men in general think badly: in disjuncture from their personal lives, claiming objectivity where the most irrational passions seethe, losing, as Virginia Woolf observed, their senses in the pursuit of professionalism. It is not easy to think like a woman in a man's world, in the world of the professions; yet the capacity to do that is a strength which we can try to help our students develop. To think like a woman in a man's world means thinking critically, refusing to accept the givens, making connections between facts and

ideas which men have left unconnected... And it means that most difficult thing of all: listening and watching in art and literature, in the social sciences, in all the descriptions we are given of the world, for the silences, the absences, the nameless, the unspoken, the encoded- for there we will find the true knowledge of women. And in breaking those silences, naming our selves, uncovering the hidden, making ourselves present, we begin to define a reality which resonates to us, which affirms our being, which allows the woman teacher and the woman student alike to take ourselves, and each other, seriously: meaning, to begin taking charge of our lives.

Talking 'Bout a Revolution

By Stacy Begin

The year 1989 marks the bicentennial of the French Revolution, in which the French peasants rebelled against the ruling class of the aristocracy. Yet even as we cheer the lifting of peasant oppression in 1789 France, we must not relegate the word "Revolution" to the yellowed pages of history. The very word "revolution" sparks fear, excitement, passion, and suggests radical change. What images, thoughts, and phrases does revolution conjure? Albert Camus, in his writing, The Rebel, states revolt is one of the "Essential dimensions of mankind", a part of his being and his purpose, maybe even an essence of his soul.

As a student in France, far from parietal restrictions, I seemed to have caught a rebellious fever. A contagious disease, it afflicted many of my fellow students. However, it was while staying three weeks in the home of a French family that our rebellious nature manifested itself in bold colors. In a morning frenzy of anger, we, the students, began breaking, crumbling, and generally demolishing our bread loaves in protest against the stale bread which had been served to us for two solid weeks. The next day, breakfast was a basketful of fresh warm bread! What pride we took in our glorious, little revolution! Not only fresh bread, but jelly was provided too! Ah, what power revolution exerts, we sighed.

Granted my version of the "French Revolution" is rather insignificant and really not very radical; but, let the point stand; revolution takes all shapes, forms, and sizes. For revolution is exploding in the world today. From racially-torn CapeTown to the artistic circles of Greenwich Village, revolutionary forces are forging new and better roads of change. For example, the Civil Rights movement was a revolution of monumental importance. Its goals were change, equality, respect, and dignity. Its most powerful weapon in this revolt was awareness. Again Camus offers his view, "...with Rebellion, awareness is born." isn't this the goal of all insurgencies; to bring about an enlightenment, an awareness of the human condition and to transform that which is unacceptable? Change may come slowly, over a period of years, as in the case of the Women's Movement but, if a consciousness is preserved, change must and will come.

"Say you want a revolution" is an immortalized tune, harmonized by the Beatles. Maybe they were "talking about a revolution" which would create the world ex-Beatle, John Lennon, sings of in "Imagine". Lennon's world is a world of no hatred or possessions and people "living life in peace". What a wonderful world! With such dreamy ideals, the English foursome have given us the most genuine character of revolution; the ability to hope. The rebel of any age is an optimist whose attempt to mobilize and alter society is filled with hopefulness and idealism. Where there is despair of circumstances and realities there can be no reaching or struggling for better. But where there is hope and aspirations, where, as Camus writes, it would be "better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees",

there revolution will be at hand to obtain that "fresh bread and jelly"!

However, revolution is not always that of the physical. It can also be a revolution of the self. The college experience is a revolution of itself. Searching within new realms of knowledge, the student casts away old ideas and values, and takes on new ones which are more suitable, more comfortable. College education is a quiet revolution, but of the highest caliber and, arguably, of the greatest consequence!

Yet, revolution is just a word. In fact, it remains a noun until someone defiantly says, "no". Then, and only then, it becomes so much more. It becomes passion, hope, optimism, and idealism. The French Revolution was all these things just as today's revolutions extoll these principles. Revolution is everywhere, whether obvious and violent, or quiet, but determine. In fact, there is a rebel in everyone of us trying to perpetuate a small change in our own way. And so we celebrate revolutions of all time. We celebrate the courage and passion instilled in all hearts and expressed in that glorious word, "Revolution".



LOUIE M. JONES

WARING CUNEY

No Images

She does not know
Her beauty,
She thinks her brown body
Has no glory.

If she could dance
Naked,
Under palm trees
And see her image in the river
She would know.

But there are no palm trees
On the street,
And dish water gives back no in



The Negro Speaks of Rivers

I've known rivers:

I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.

I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.

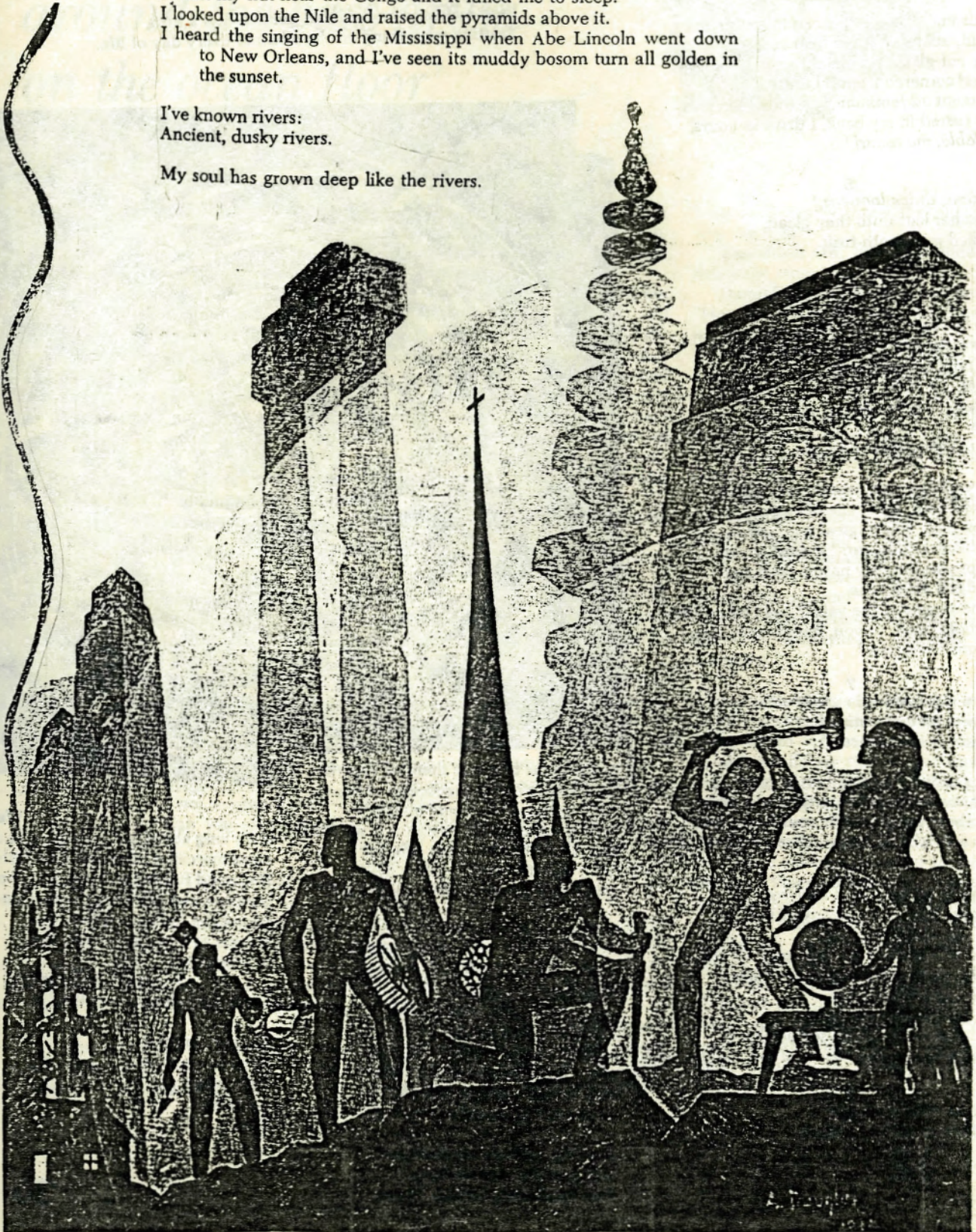
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:

Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.



" Snapshots of a Daughter-In-Law":

3

A thinking woman sleeps with monsters.
The beak that grips her, she becomes. And Nature.
that sprung-lidded, still commodious
steamer-trunk of *tempora* and *mores*¹ —
gets stuffed with it all: the mildewed orange-flowers,
the female pills, the terrible breasts
of Boadicea² beneath flat foxes' heads and orchids.

Two handsome women, gripped in argument,
each proud, acute, subtle, I hear scream
across the cut glass and majolica
like Furies³ cornered from their prey:
The argument *ad feminam*,⁴ all the old knives
that have rusted in my back, I drive in yours,
*ma semblable, ma soeur!*⁵

5

*Dulce ridens, dulce loquens,*¹
she shaves her legs until they gleam
like petrified mammoth-tusk.

6

When to her lute Corinna sings²
neither words nor music are her own;
only the long hair dipping
over her cheek, only the song
of silk against her knees
and these
adjusted in reflections of an eye.

Poised, trembling and unsatisfied, before
an unlocked door, that cage of cages,
tell us, you bird, you tragical machine—
is this *fertilisante douleur*?³ Pinned down
by love, for you the only natural action,
are you edged more keen
to prisse the secrets of the vault? has Nature shown
her household books to you, daughter-in-law,
that her sons never saw?

7

*"To have in this uncertain world some stay
which cannot be undermined, is
of the utmost consequence."*⁴

Thus wrote

a woman, partly brave and partly good,
who fought with what she partly understood.
Few men about her would or could do more,
hence she was labeled harpy, shrew and whore.

8

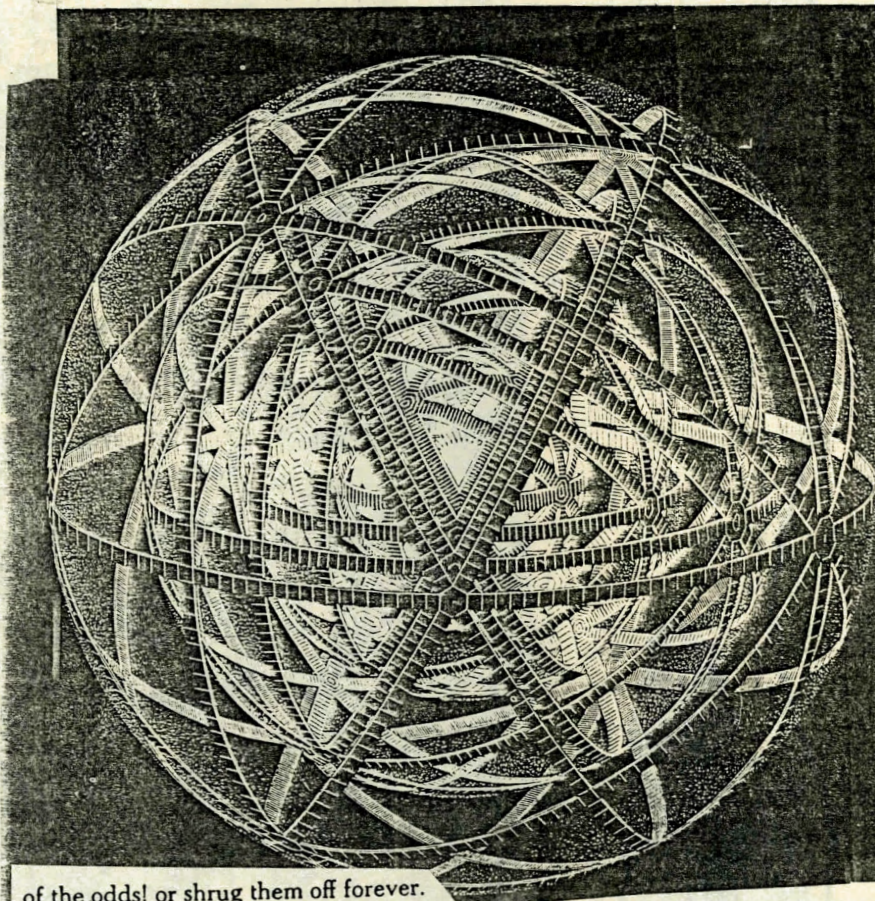
"You all die at fifteen," said Diderot,⁵
and turn part legend, part convention.
Still, eyes inaccurately dream
behind closed windows blankening with steam.
Deliciously, all that we might have been,
all that we were—fire, tears,
wit, taste, martyred ambition—
stirs like the memory of refused adultery
the drained and flagging bosom of our middle years.

9

*Not that it is done well, but
that it is done at all!*⁶ Yes, think

4

Knowing themselves too well in one another:
their gifts no pure fruition, but a thorn,
the prick filed sharp against a hint of scorn . . .
Reading while waiting
for the iron to heat,
writing, *My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun*—⁹
in that Amherst pantry while the jellies boil and scum,
or, more often,
iron-eyed and beaked and purposed as a bird,
dusting everything on the whatnot every day of life.



of the odds! or shrug them off forever.
This luxury of the precocious child,
Time's precious chronic invalid,—
would we, darlings, resign it if we could?
Our blight has been our sinecure:
mere talent was enough for us—
glitter in fragments and rough drafts.

Sigh no more, ladies.

Time is male
and in his cups drinks to the fair.
Bemused by gallantry, we hear
our mediocrities over-praised,
indolence read as abnegation,
slattern thought styled intuition,
every lapse forgiven, our crime
only to cast too bold a shadow
or smash the mould straight off.

For that, solitary confinement,
tear gas, attrition shelling.
Few applicants for that honor.

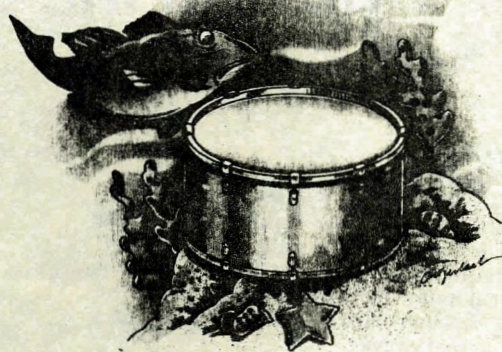
10

Well,
she's long about her coming, who mus-
more merciless to herself than history.
Her mind full to the wind, I see her p-
breasted and glancing through the cu-
taking the light upon her
at least as beautiful as any boy
or helicopter,

poised, still coming,
her fine blades making the air wince

but her cargo
no promise then:
delivered
palpable
ours.

'The bass swam around the bass drum on the ocean floor'



I was having lunch at the faculty club with a recent acquaintance when a young man approached my table, handed me a slip of paper, said "Two more" and walked away. My companion and I were just beginning to discuss the project that we had agreed to lunch about when another man came up, gave me another slip of paper, said "Three, maybe four" with an air of quiet triumph and left. A woman dropped off the next slip. "Only one this time," she said, "not a large number, but after awhile the mind tends to grow number."

"Would it be presumptuous to ask what this is all about?" my vis-à-vis said.

"Not at all," I said. "It's a kind of game—trying to find a word that has two separate pronunciations, two distinct meanings, but only one spelling. Word games used to be used more often, but it's a subject I didn't intend to subject you to since you're an economist." He looked slightly annoyed. "The last economist I tried it on got his wind up before I'd even had a chance to wind up," I explained. "This is more likely to appeal to literary people."

"Economists are not necessarily illiterate," he said. "Can you give me an example or two?"

I handed him the slip the first man had given me. He unfolded it and read aloud: "*The bass swam around the bass drum on the ocean floor.*" He paused to blink, then continued: "*The buck does odd things when the does are in heat. . . . You sure this isn't some sort of a private code?*"

"Something I'd only intimate to my most intimate friends?" I said. "By no means." I handed him the slip the

woman had given me, sure that it would be a good one; her mind moves so sup-
ply that she had already added a dozen to the total supply.

"*A crow can scatter wheat seeds, but can a sow sow corn?*" he read, and laughed, but I sighed because the example duplicated one that had already been given me by a physicist obsessed with the game. "Oh, sao-so!" my lunch companion said. "I get it. But what's the problem? There must be dozens of words that meet your three conditions."

"They're rather hard to find. Name one if you can."

His silence lasted quite awhile but his lips kept moving.

"Are you having dessert?" the waitress asked.

"After dessert she deserted . . ." he started off happily, but I interrupted with: "No good; the spelling must be the same."

"Oh." Then after a pause, "But suppose I said: 'She wished she could desert him in the desert?'"

"On the nose—same spelling, two meanings, two pronunciations."

"Give me a few more from your approved list," he said.

"A couple should be enough to present you with at present. First, a rather sweet one: 'After watching the seagull dive for a fish, the dove dove.'"

"Lovely," he said. "Go on."

"OK, a final example," I said. "'The town dump is so full that it may have to start to refuse refuse. And if that makes the mayor blow his fuse, who will refuse him?'"

"That's a double," he said accusingly, and then added on with sudden inspiration: "When my mother-in-law accompanied us on our honeymoon trip to

Niagara, I nearly threw the old dam over the dam."

"Two-thirds OK, but the pronunciation is the same in both."

"Damn," he said. Then, after a pause: "How about: 'In trigonometry, the sine is a *sine qua non*'?"

"Sorry," I said gently, "foreign languages don't count. Although one contribution, 'It's unwise to rub pâté into one's pate,' struck me as so charming that I was tempted to give it a visa."

"Why not?" he said. "Must you be so intransigent?"

I sighed. "You make me feel that my sole object is to object. But I allow one great exception: 'Man's laughter can be crueler than manslaughter.'"

"That's really awe-inspiring. Do these things have a name?"

"Of course: heteronyms, logical relatives of synonyms, homonyms and antonyms."

The next morning's mail brought seven sound ones from my lunch companion—not a bit to my surprise. Heteronyms spread like happy rumors, perhaps because they're so useful in warding off insomnia, migraines or irritation with airplane delays. A two-page list came from a paleoanthropologist on the same day that a novelist swam up to me on Martha's Vineyard and said, "I saw the weirdest thing in town: a hand reaching up from a manhole wielding a threaded needle. It's the first time I ever came upon a sewer in a sewer."

We are, I think, coming close to a close with the contents of the master list, combining the inspirations of several score heteronymophiles for a 49-word total, including 16 you may or may not have spotted on this page.

Dali and the dark side of the soul

AN APPRECIATION

By Dolores Barclay

The Associated Press

NEW YORK — The French writer Andre Lautreamont once described surrealism as the chance encounter of an umbrella and typewriter on an operating table. Salvador Dali defined the philosophical and artistic movement through his work and through his life, which eventually became a surreal canvas.

From his dreams and from impulses that seeped from the dark side of the soul, Dali expressed his rage against the social order and impishly tweaked the bourgeoisie.

His death yesterday in his hometown of Figueras, Spain, at the age of 84, ended a life filled with eccentricities and a creative streak that touched the art world like a live grenade. Though few of the original surrealists — who exchanged their revolutionary ideas in Paris cafes in the late 1920s — are still alive, many in the world of art were quick to recognize his loss and his gift.

There was, and will always be, only one Dali — a man with intense, saucer eyes and a mustache that traveled upward to form a bulseye with his cheeks.

"More than any of his contemporaries, Dali painted through the mind's eye," pop artist Peter Max said yesterday. "By expanding the boundaries of time and space on canvas, he changed the relationship between art and reality, influencing every artist who followed him. Kirk Varnedoe, director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, called Dali 'a unique figure in modern art.'"

"Dali's extraordinary theatrical instincts, and the expansion of his career into various commercial realms, redefined the conception of how a modern artist might engage himself with contemporary society," Varnedoe said.

Although few critics faulted Dali's technical virtuosity, many did not hold his work in the highest esteem. Most felt his was a flawed talent, sometimes managing to balance realistic technique and irrational content but too often caught up in his own role as a poseur-painter.

His images of watery timepieces, melting flesh and disfigured appendages became symbols of irrational expression and insolence for a group of writers, painters and philosophers who had set out to explode the social order. They included the artists Yves Tanguy, Jean Arp, Joan Miro, Magritte and Max Ernst, filmmaker Luis Bunuel, and the writers Andre Breton and Paul Eluard.

"The Happy Horse," which Dali painted around 1980,



Salvador Dali

...he said he suffered from a 'sublime craziness'

"At first I was interested in psychoanalysis, then in the Theory of Relativity and nuclear physics. Now I am obsessed with biology ... molecular structure ... cybernetics. ... But everything science is connected by art.

"Scientific people believe in God and realize that matter is only energy. Material things disappear. We live now in a crisis of mysticism. Everything is metaphysical. We are in a new renaissance of religion — and reunification of religions."

In 1949, he gave his first religious painting to the Vatican.

"Dali disconcerted superficial minds because he hid truths with light and because he used the dialectic of analogy rather than that of identity," said the artist Georges Mathieu in an interview in Paris yesterday. "Dali is more important as a cosmic genius than as a painter."

Still, many recognized his value as an artist. A. Reynolds Morse, a Cleveland industrialist, began collecting Dali's work in 1955 and accumulated the largest collection in the world. In 1982, Morse founded the Salvador Dali Museum in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Throughout his life, Dali moved in a world of symbols, whether canes, crutches, watches or animals. At one time he gave art lectures clad in a diving suit. He also once summed up his personal philosophy in two words: "Galadeoxyribonucleic Acid." The first four letters formed the name of his wife, Gala. The rest, he said, was DNA — the chemical of which genes are made. To Dali, it was a symbol of immortality.

"All my eccentricities are to prove that I am still alive and immortal," he once said. "With me, it has to be that — death or life."

showed a hideous purple beast. Dali said it didn't matter whether it was a horse or a cow; the animal was "rotten." And he once created a plaster lion's head with a fried egg in its mouth.

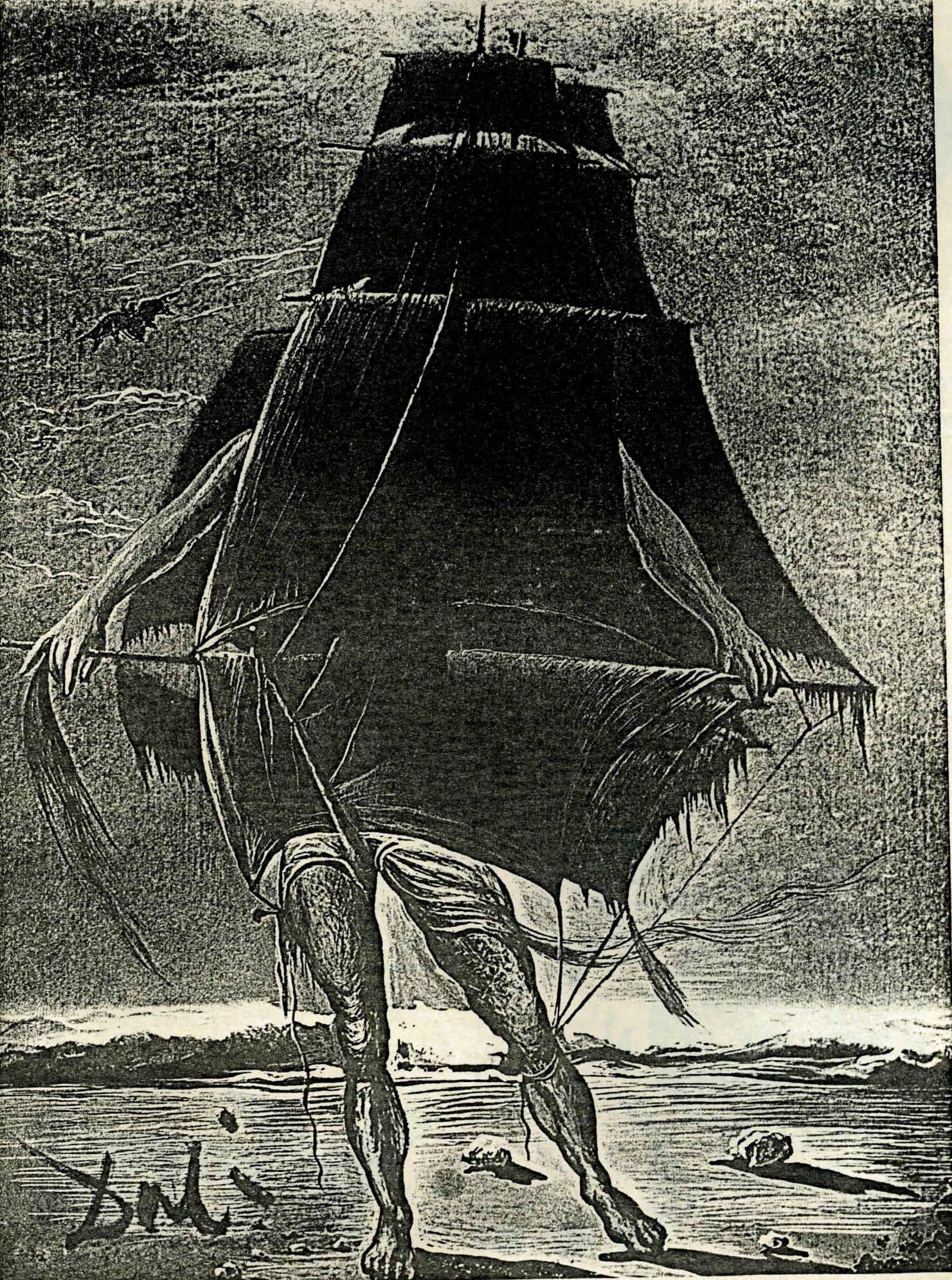
Sometime in the 1920s, Dali had a dream about a hand crawling with ants. He told Bunuel about the dream, who had had his own encounter with the dark side of his soul: He had dreamed about a razor-like cloud slicing the moon in half.

From the two dreams sprang the screenplay for the Bunuel movie fantasy, "Un Chien andalou," or "An Andalusian Dog," an irrational series of vignettes which opens with a razor cutting an eyeball.

Dali's artistic genius had evolved from more than one plane: He had journeyed from realism ("Basket of Bread") to cubism ("Harlequins") to neoclassicism ("Venus and Cupid"). And when his thoughts turned to money instead of transforming life, the surrealists "excommunicated" him.

During the Spanish Civil War in the late '30s, when surrealism had surely reached its peak, Dali, who supported the fascists, developed a new appreciation for the Renaissance and baroque which began showing in his work ("Impression of Africa," "Philosophy Illuminated"). With the outbreak of World War II, he became more classic and he took to painting portraits of women. After the war, his paintings had more religious themes.

"Everything in life leads to one idea," Dali said in an interview with The Associated Press in 1963.



Odds to End

Nice Work! Judy Wolert, a Freshman Honors student, has earned the Girl Scout Gold Award, the highest achievement in the Girl Scout Organization.

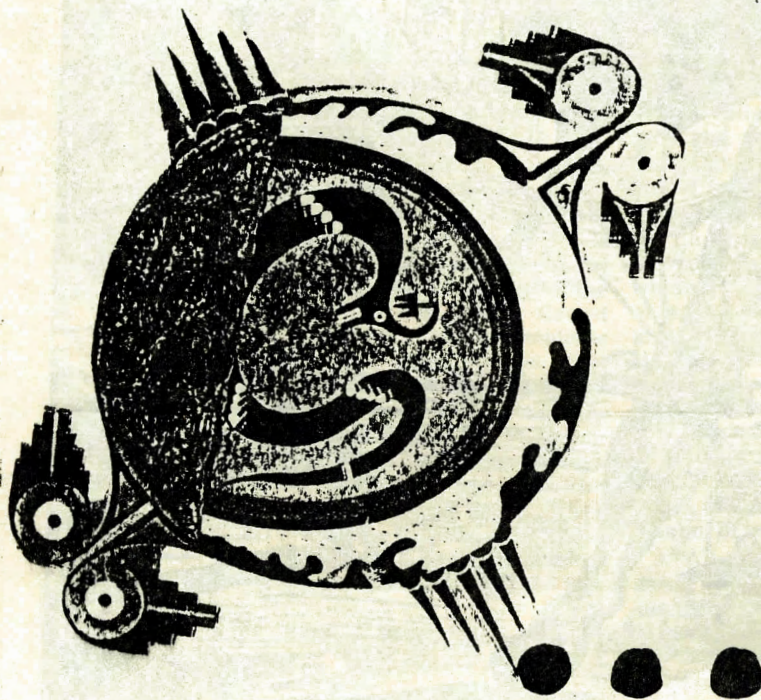
Another congratulations goes to Debbie Lenares, '89, who has been accepted by John Hopkins University and will receive a fellowship.

Congratulations! Congratulations! Jennifer Steinfeldt was married on Friday, March 3, 1989. Warmest wishes, Jen, from all your friends in the Honors Program!

Victoria Burnham has been accepted at Columbia and will attend in the Fall. Good Luck, Tori!

The officers of Props and Paint, Edwardyne Cowen, Amy Revoir, Amy Larrabee, and Michelle DiPoala would like to announce that the spring production of The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man in the Moon Marigolds, by Paul Zindel, will open on Friday, April 21st.

Break a leg, guys!!!!!!



WITH

